



A New View of Public Affairs.

Hawaii as an Authority.

A Real Shabby Trick.

The Limit Reached Again.

Getting Down to Business.

Honolulu is by no means as big as New York, nor will she ever be, the hundred thousand club to the contrary notwithstanding. This as to population. In other respects she outstrips the metropolis, and in at least one is rapidly becoming even as an example unto many a crowded city.

The people in Washington are sending out the rulings made by Judges Murphy, Dole, Robertson and Clemens on questions of naturalization as a guide to woolpack owners in other places, with some remarks concerning the great value of rulings in the District of Hawaii. Here, say these bureaucrats, is tested every phase of the law which determines the manner in which one can get in or out of the wet, and become eligible to hold any office from janitor of the board of health offices to Vice-President of the United States.

While Judge Robertson was on the federal bench, several Portuguese came along, soliciting his judicial blessing. They were willing to renounce any old country or king. But the people down East were in a hole and didn't know how to get out. Manuel was a fugitive and Portugal in the meantime a republic. No man can serve two masters, says the Bible; hence a Portuguese must be a Royalist or a Republican. To which authority must he forswear allegiance? Alas promptly said, "Both," and the trick was done. At once were circulars issued from Washington saying in substance that the Gordian knot had been cut, the problem solved.

Again, fearful that something would happen to him if he got mixed up in the revolutionary quarrels of the Old World, another Portuguese told Gus Murphy that if he had to get rid of a sovereign he would choose George V., King of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith, etc. His parents had started for Hawaii from Portugal on an English vessel, and he had been born en route. Murphy, being Irish, didn't want anyone to admit that he owed anything of any nature to an English sovereign, and turned his back. Washington has stood by, and we are officially assured that if we take trips to Japan, and take them on a Japanese vessel, and something happens on the high seas, the new recruit to the population of the world does not necessarily become a subject of the Mikado.

To become a citizen you must be a "free white person." Are you such? Ask the federal people here, and whatever they say goes the world over. This merely as a sample of dozens of problems which are solved on this branch of the law, the answers to which are accepted as precedents by the rest of the United States.

And if you don't know what you are, or want to change your monarchical spots, go to the first floor of the Judiciary building.

It appears that anyone who opposes any of the plans of the "politicians" of Hawaii, or who has to take steps to render some of the political plans less dangerous to the health or the pockets of the community, is just as bad as the politicians themselves. Evidently, no matter what a man's or an organization's hopes may be of accomplishing anything, he or it must never under any circumstances oppose, agree with, fight, compromise with or enter into any dealings with those elected to office on the non-direct primary plan.

This may be all right, but somehow or other I can not get it through my head. I have always had an idea that if those in power wanted to do something inimical to the public interest, in my view of things, it was my duty to oppose them and do what I could to head them off.

Take the question of the health of this city. When the board of health saw things going from bad to worse, heard the citizens complaining, realized that an epidemic might come at any time and knew that the legislature had made a mistake in turning over the control of things relating to health to the city, I supposed the board was justified in attempting to better things. I was inclined to applaud the fight the members were making in the legislature against the municipal lobbyists. But I find I was terribly mistaken. They outlasted themselves the minute they forced the issue and became just as bad as the other fellows. At least that is what some others say.

Honolulu has a number of strong-minded women, a great number of cultured ones, many who will be ready when the time comes to step up to the ballot box and split a ticket like a veteran, but The Bystander has discovered only one real, up-to-the-comic-supplement-limit suffragette. Naturally, having received my information confidentially, I will not tell her name, but if you happen to run across a little hundred-pound man, carrying several parcels, in tow of a square-chinned female with square-toed shoes, you may be able to guess.

He has been to see a lawyer lately, for even a worm will turn some time, and it is from the lawyer's stenographer that the information leaked out. He struggled between timidity and righteous indignation when he informed the attorney that he was thinking of suing for a divorce. "I've stood all I can," he said. "My wife's turned suffragette and she is never at home at all, any more."

"It's a pretty serious thing to break up a family," said the lawyer, who knows the lady and who balanced her enmity against a possible foe. "Don't you think you can make it up? This suffragette business may be only a passing fad."

"I've been trying to overlook things," said the client, "but some things no man can stand for. I don't mind cooking and doing the mending and things like that, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my night-shirt to try to fool the baby."

Have you noticed the quietness that has settled down over the road department of the city? Not even the sound of dead wood being chopped away is to be heard, although that does not mean that Road Supervisor Wilder is not out with his axe good and plenty. The solemn hush that has come over this department is not due to the fact that the noise over health matters had drowned it, it is the hush of horror that has struck the party workers at having to do a day's work for a day's pay.

Wilder, when he first struck office, wanted to know what the road work was costing the city. He was handed a list of appropriations, showing what the department had been voted.

"But I want to know what the work is costing," he said.

"Well, you see how much we get. That's what its costing."

"But how much a yard or how much a running foot or how much a block did the road work cost last month?" persisted Wilder. "I want to know every night how much our day's work has cost us."

"Oh, that's not the way we do it," he was informed. "We just go ahead and spend the appropriation. It isn't how much we have spent that worries us; it's how much we are going to get to spend next."

Things are different now. The Bystander has been observing a number of things, and believes that as soon as Wilder gets into his swing he is going to surprise more than the politicians.

The Bystander is in thorough agreement with The Onlooker of the Star that it was a very shabby trick of the federal health officials to definitely connect up pol and cholera. It was a mean throwdown. Here the Star has been shouting for the federal authorities to rescue us from the foolishness of the board of health in its pol campaign, and the first crack out of the box the federal man backs up the board of health with an array of proof that will convince even Kalahepe.

It's tough, it's actually fierce, when one is injured in the house of his friend and given the ha-ha from those he has boosted.

SIDELIGHTS

A REPLY TO PINKHAM.

I have been trying to make a study of the Filipino. He's a member of our family, and it is our duty to make diligent search for the ownership by him of some traits of a lovable nature. Family pride should, if possible, be not always a four-dasher; and when cards were drawn at the close of our little war with decrepit Spain some dozen or so years ago, we hoped that luck was with us at least sufficiently to make a good bluff.

As long as he remained in his archipelago he looked good. His weaknesses were the result of centuries of tyranny and oppression. Just as soon as he managed to create the Declaration of Independence, and discovered that he had been created "equal," and that certain inalienable rights, to wit: life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, were his as of right, he would become a credit to us, and a shining example of the beneficent influences exerted by the Stars and Stripes when used as a shield. Soon, under the glorious sunlight of liberty, he would develop into a splendid specimen of humanity, and another great victory for our civilizing civic machinery would be recorded. He would discard superstition and ignorance for enlightenment and education; and the breechcloth for white pantaloons.

All of this we believed while he staid where he belonged. As the months and years rolled along, and the time for the fulfillment of these glowing prophecies ought by right to have been at hand, we commenced to think that our money had been well spent, even though the average per soul was pretty high. The genial Taft praised him and encouraged him and petted him, at times at the cost of Hawaii. General Jack Pershing, a Roosevelt protégé, said he made a splendid soldier. Several laundries were established in Manila, and a celluloid collar manufacturing concern opened up an agency.

And then he came amongst us, and, thanks to Willie Kinney and a natural indolence, is still here in some numbers. Slowly, but surely, did we come to the conclusion that things do look much better when viewed at a distance. He may have within him the germs which endeared him to the President, but when Judd and Pinkham and Steven sent him along here, he left them there, and brought to take their place, others less pleasing. He may possess each and every of the qualities which go to make up a soldier, but an army of the kind of samples we got could be put to rest easily by a bunch of Nigel Jackson's third raters. Our laundry girls and Chinamen don't have to work overtime by reason of his advent, and the celluloid collar man hasn't followed him.

His redeeming feature is his pride. As he lazily saunters through Kakaako, or takes an airing in the patrol wagon, you can see in his every movement, in every line of his classic countenance a proclamation written that he is of the elect of the earth, and that people must sit up and take notice when he is about. For hath not a group of heroes all the way from Dewey to Pinkham, praised him, yea, almost deified him? And doth not Hawaii, and California and Alaska yearn for him? Out upon such prejudiced, bigoted, ignorant muck-rakers as this man Keefe; the naked undeniable facts show that he is a demagogue of the worst type.

With his pride we must be content. Of course it doesn't count for a great deal when it comes to making two tons of sugar grow where but one languished before, but it is the best he can do. So let us pass some more laws to keep him with us, and when we get back East tell the people there, without, however, going into details, that the Filipino is not as humble as one might expect. If particulars are asked for we can speak generally of his love of travel and his penchant for fame.

FEMININE AGES.

From the time when Eve superintended the first moving, down to the present progressive period, it hath been the unquestioned prerogative of our sex to keep unto ourselves the exact number of New Year's days we have ushered in. Medasms Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Moses, and other Biblical heroines, saw to it that when they—excepting the first named—were gathered to their mothers—no record was on hand to establish their length of years. Of their husbands a careful tally of birthdays was kept, even though the bookkeepers thus employed must have gotten pretty weary, especially in cases like that of Methuselah. When woman suffrage got to be popular in some of the western States, the recipients of the bounty of the men saw to it that the exercise of the franchise was not hampered by any requirement of statements concerning age. The laws there simply make us swear that we are "21 or over."

Of course this custom, like unto all good customs, is a Christian one. In witness whereof it may be noted that the oriental female not only knows her age, but, pagan, savage, idiot that she is, tells it. A Chinese wife, without the slightest trace of shame, brazenly proclaims her days upon the face of the earth; and the Japanese matron shouts the same uncivilized fact from the roof tops.

China will keep up this habit a few thousand years yet. She is a little bit slow on reforms of any kind. But I am prepared to make a prediction so far as Japan is concerned. I say, and say advisedly, that the jiu-jitsu people will soon come to a realization of the evils of the present system.

For the Mikado, in his ineffable, inscrutable, unapproachable wisdom—a wisdom which as we all know makes that which the Queen of Sheba was so amazed to find in Solomon resemble sheer downright imbecility—hath issued an edict, obedience to which on the part of all of his faithful subjects is demanded. No woman who has reached the half century mark may depart the realm; and should she say she will anyway, edict or no edict, a writ of ne exeat, closely resembling a harbor policeman, is served on her. She remains.

And while I dislike saying it, I don't think it was very nice on the part of the ruler, whose title was made famous by Gilbert and Sullivan, to single out Hawaii as a place in whose favor no exception could under any circumstances be made. It looks entirely too much like an indication that there are too many middle-aged ladies here already. Yet this he certainly has done. But we have a pretty little bunch of islands, and the soil is productive and the climate is good, and escape from payment of poll taxes is easy, and the society is of the best; in consequence of all of which you will see Japan adopt our methods concerning feminine age records.

Maybe the Mikado didn't realize this when he gave life to the law by putting his sovereign thumb mark on the parchment, but it will happen just the same.

Maybe he thought that women over fifty—no, perish the thought! it shall not be uttered. Hobson is wrong. Japan will never, never, never, be caught but our best friend.

Americans and Mexico

The Nation.

Whatever comes in Mexico, the United States government should be actuated by its own settled policy of friendliness towards its sister republics and by the law of nations, and not by the size of our capital invested. If the investment of a certain sum gives one nation the privilege of exercising unusual rights or powers, who is to say what that sum shall be? In what text-book is its size stated? Shall it be fifty millions, or one hundred, or one thousand? And does it vary according to the size of the country in which it is invested? A policy that would irretrievably disgrace this country would be one dictated by those who have intrusted their moneys to Mexican hands. We have but to recall to our readers the price England paid for her war in South Africa, undertaken in behalf of the South African mine-owners, to remind them at what fearful cost a nation permits its foreign policy to be shaped by those who have a financial interest. The very worst advisers in such a case are the men who have a money stake, for that blinds men more quickly than anything else to justice and humanity.

The fact that the Mexican situation appears to be improving does not make this any the less fitting time to emphasize these truths. The danger in our mind is that the people as a whole, and not a few magnates, will become imbued with the idea that large property holdings in Mexico give sanction to President Taft's action; that to the protection of those outlying Americans must be shaped our whole policy toward Mexico—that we may even set a date when the rebellion must cease. To do this would be to substitute for the law of nations the law of the jungle. Europe itself has recently afforded a useful example. When the monarchy of Portugal fell, anarchy reigned for a few days, and there were grave doubts as to the stability of the new republic. No one in the great and powerful adjacent republic of France, whose citizens are heavy investors in Portuguese government securities and commercial enterprises, then dreamed of menacing that country by rushing a French army corps to the border. Historic international policy was not to be affected in a moment because some French citizens might lose their all in Portugal.

"It costs him \$10,000 a year to live." "Why does he spend his money so foolishly?"—Life.

THE WOODPILE

SOME PERTINENT AND PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS



This has been a stirring week in the legislature, in fact there has been stirred up considerable trouble of various kinds, most of which is centered in pol. What a tragedy of coincidences was the death of a cholera patient from eating of pol the day that the senate turned down the pol bill, for political reasons, and so as not to hurt the feelings of the members of the board of supervisors. If only the Hawaiian gentleman had condescended to postpone his death to some other time, in other words, if he had only failed to eat that poisoned pol at the time he did, it would have prevented the feelings of sundry senators being bruised. And then the coincidence which took place yesterday, when Archer in the house introduced a resolution throwing doubt on the infection of pol and even hinting so strongly at the fact that it was not cholera which caused the death of Apaana that he was willing to spend some good legislative money to prove it, if possible, and then to walk out of the legislative halls and be confronted with the news of two more deaths from the same cause in the same locality, with pol from the same shop. It was certainly a sad coincidence.

Over thirty nicely printed bills were killed in the house alone this last week, Wednesday being the banner day with sixteen dead ones as a result of the slaughter. There was some husky chopping at the woodpile that day and some very innocent looking bits of driftwood were made kindlings of. Whether there were any "niggers" hidden in the lumber so ruthlessly discarded is hard to say, but it is safe to believe that the Territory is no loser. The way the foreman, I beg pardon, the speaker, of that bunch of legislative carpenters hustled the work along was an inspiring sort of sight for a genuine wood-chopper. Still, it might have been that a juicy watermelon would have made an excellent bait to help discover what—

is now paw.

It seems that there has been considerable suspicion that there was some sort of joker in the bill providing for the reimbursement of John A. Cummins, high chief, for his \$5000 fine on a charge of treason during revolutionary days. But apparently not. In this regard it can be stated by the wood-chopper—and he is a suspicious fellow at that—that there is "nothing to it." At least so far as John Cummins is concerned. The woodchopper made a

personal investigation last evening of certain suspicious circumstances; and he takes pleasure for once in stating that he was wrong and apologizing—to himself.

But how about house bill No. 2337? There are possibilities in that bill—both ways. According to some of the statements made there is a whole tribe of peaninies in every paragraph. But the father of them all is stated by more than one legislator to be a fat job for a chairman at two thousand four hundred "plunks" a year, whose principal chairmanship duties will be to look pleasant—and draw his salary. However, as one of the voters in the affirmative remarked, as he passed the buck, "It is up to Maui." Maybe not.

Speaking of "Paradise Paragraphs," which I wasn't, it seems to this humble woodchopper that the insights of Will Sabin, the poet, are stronger than his sidelights as a politician. With his experience as a writer-up of sideshows he should be a star man in the senatorial game. "Quien sabe?" He's young yet.

There are two bills which have been asserted would be introduced in this legislature, which have been side-tracked, apparently. The woodchopper would not hint too broadly that Speaker Holstein has been bribed, but it looks like it. That hat-pin bill, which was to curtail the deadly weapons carried by some of the fairest damozels of Hawaii, has not appeared on the scene and the session is nearly over. There are all kinds of bribes a legislator may accept, some of them almost without realization. I am suspicious. Still, I will give him the benefit of the doubt and try to think that it was all because of some suffragette threat. And then there was a whisper bill threatened by Brother Chillingworth. Maybe he, too, was bribed—with the promise that, some day, he might be able to grow some.

Small Talks

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAMSON.—It's all up to Maui. Maui no ka oi. HARRY LAKE.—Now that me and Harry Juen has come out for federal control, the last word is said.

ANDERSON GRACE.—I believe in federal control. I'd like to see th' rest of you get it as well as myself.

CHARLES A. RICE.—That little old appropriation bill will be reported to the house of representatives for action on Wednesday or Thursday.

SENATOR CHILLINGWORTH.—The Advertiser didn't make me move to reconsider action on the Pol Bill. I did it because I wanted to.

A. F. AFFONSO.—"Gurez" is not a Portuguese word, it is pronounced, "Gee, you are easy." And that's what some of the promoters are thinking these days.

SUPERVISOR KRUGER.—Twelve different people have been telling me twelve different things each about the health situation and I have been acting accordingly.

SUPERVISOR MURRAY.—I do not see what they want to take away the garbage work from the supervisors for. We have just got the department on a paying basis.

SPEAKER HOLSTEIN.—Reading a newspaper, especially the Star or Bulletin, while a member of the house is speaking, is breaking the rule prohibiting private discourse during such an operation.

SUPERVISOR MURRAY.—The city government will concede anything to the board of health as long as Mr. Mott-Smith is at the head of it. We have confidence in him, but we do not know who will be next.

B. B. ANDERSON.—It is rather surprising that any newspaper should say that the Union street bill was being gumshoed through the senate when one of its reporters had a copy of the bill from the day it was introduced.

FEDERAL JUDGE CLEMENS.—While I can not say that the prisoner at the bar will not have my sympathy, I am going to try myself without fear or favor. If a combination of the Spartan father and King Solomon is possible, I will be it.

DR. GEORGE H. HUDDY.—There is a cartoonist in this house who is wasting his artistic instincts on an unappreciative audience, he should be on the staff of a Hearst paper. That drawing of Cooke as a water buffalo with a ring in his nose was "excruciating."

P. C. JONES.—The way politics are going here it seems to me the commission form of government would be better, but even then I have my misgivings as the same class of men who are being elected as supervisors would probably get elected. Some of the men elected I would not employ at \$50 a month.

B. A. MOTT-SMITH.—A cable sent by Governor Frear at my request asking that Doctors Currie and Clegg be permitted to cooperate with the board of health was answered affirmatively at once. Doctor Sinclair, another federal physician, is also our bacteriologist and the two organizations are still further intimately associated.

DOCTOR MORONG.—The fact that my name has been suggested as city and county physician is flattering, but there is too much notoriety and not enough pay in the job. I couldn't afford to give up my private practice to handle the city work the way it should be handled, and I wouldn't take the position if I could not do what should be done.

JOHN HUGHES.—I am disgusted at the way in which the senate Republicans have proven traitors to their platform pledge regarding the direct primary. How do they expect the ignorant voters of this community to ever become clean in their politics when they have before them the proof that their leaders betray the confidence imposed in them. If the senators did not want to pass a direct primary law, why were they not men enough to say so in the convention, instead of agreeing to the plank and then repudiating it?

SUPERVISOR MCLELLAN.—The Advertiser is right in saying that Honolulu needs more fire protection, but the supervisors should not be blamed too much for not giving it. We offered to buy more apparatus for the department with the current appropriations, but the fire chief told us he would rather wait three months to see if we could not start in buying some automobile trucks instead of the horse trucks. I think that we will be able to get one in three months, and possibly reequip the whole department within a year. It will cost a good many thousand dollars, though.

M. A. SILVA.—The Portuguese and Spanish we recruited in Europe are mainly people from the agricultural districts. Some of them never saw a railroad train until they came out of the mountains and a large number never saw a steamer until they boarded the Oriole. Conditions in Portugal are quieting down, although there are factions there which believed that with the overthrow of the monarchy all reforms would be instituted immediately. That the reforms were not established at once is one cause for dissatisfaction. I presume the government will come out all right in the end.